

# AMERICAN PIONEER.

Devoted to the Truth and Justice of History.

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NO. IV.

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## FORT BEDFORD—PENNSYLVANIA.

[See Frontispiece.]

JOHN S. WILLIAMS, Esq.

*Sir*—Enclosed you will find a plan of Fort Bedford, situated where Raystown formerly stood, and where Bedford, the county town of Bedford county, Pennsylvania, now is. I know not when it was built; probably, however, between 1745 and 1750, certainly before 1755. It was at that place that Washington first met general Forbes, and labored earnestly to persuade him to take Braddock's road to Fort Pitt, rather than encounter the fatigue, and delay, and hazard of cutting a new road.

The draft or plan is copied from a copy furnished to the honorable Richard Biddle, from the British Museum, to which institution it was presented by George the Fourth.

The copy is correct in all respects, except that I have reduced the scale to one third of the original. There is one thing in the draft which none of us here can comprehend. You will notice the word, "Penterarese's" near two oblong figures, on the bank of the Juniata, and east of the north-east bastion of the fort. We suppose it to be the name of the owner of the two buildings, indicated by the squares; but whether Indian or Frenchman, or of any other nation, we cannot make out.

Having reduced the size of the draft, so as to suit the page of the Pioneer, I have not room on it for all the explanations, and have to add the following references:—*a*, *Gallery* with loop holes, to secure access to the water, and protect the banks; *b*, *b*, *Ravelins*; *c*, *Hospitals*. Those to the right of *c*, have five places on the large scale, but cannot be exhibited in this draft. *d*, *Barracks*.

*Isaac Craig*

## VAN CLEVE'S MEMORANDA.

*Dayton, January, 1843.*

MR. JOHN S. WILLIAMS,

*Sir*—The object of the Pioneer is one in which I feel much interest, and I believe the plan on which it is conducted to be the very best for effecting its purpose. It makes it a treasury of facts, continually becoming more rich by new contributions, which will soon afford a most valuable stock of authentic materials for the history of this country. There can be no other plan, which will so well, and so certainly ensure the correction of errors, and reconcile the various current accounts of the same event. I hope your enterprise may prosper.

I have in my possession materials for some contributions, which it will give me pleasure to place at your command. My father, Benjamin Van Cleve, who was one of the earliest residents of this place, became a citizen of Cincinnati on the 3rd of January, 1790, one day after the arrival of general St. Clair and the establishment of civil government in that place. His home was there, until his removal to Dayton in the spring of 1797. During the principal part of his life, he kept regular memoranda of the events which transpired around him. I will occasionally copy some portions of his journal, which you may use if you think them of sufficient value.

*John W. Van Cleve.*

[*Extracts from the Memoranda of B. Van Cleve.*]

## CINCINNATI AT THE BEGINNING OF 1790.

“We landed at Losantiville, opposite the mouth of Licking river, on the 3rd day of January, 1790. Two small hewed-log houses had been erected, and several cabins. General Harmar was employed in building Fort Washington, and commanded Strong's, Pratt's, Kersey's, and Kingsbury's companies of infantry and Ford's artillery. A few days after this, governor St. Clair appointed officers, civil and military, for the Miami country. His proclamation erecting the county of Hamilton, bears date January 2nd, 1790, on the day of his arrival. Mr. Tappan, who came down with us and who remained only a short time, and William McMillan, Esquire, were appointed justices of the peace for this town, of which the governor altered the name, from Losantiville to Cincinnati.”

## ATTACK ON DUNLAP'S STATION.

“In the winter about four hundred Indians made an attack on Dunlap's station, on the Great Miami, and continued the siege for about

twenty-six hours. They killed all the stock, destroyed the grain, and burnt all the out-buildings. Before they reached the station, they killed Mr. Cunningham, wounded Mr. Sloan, and took Abner Hunt prisoner, whom they murdered in a most shocking manner, within sight and hearing of the people in the station. The garrison consisted of thirty-five regulars under the command of captain Kingsbury, and about fifteen effective men of the inhabitants. One of the soldiers received a slight wound, and several Indians were killed. I was among the party that came to their relief, and, in a second tour, assisted to repair their fortifications; at which time I boarded at Mr. Hahn's, who was subsequently killed, with two of his neighbors, at one time, and his eldest son and several others were killed at another time, shortly after.

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CINCINNATI AT THE BEGINNING OF 1791.

"The Indians had now become so daring as to skulk through the streets at night, and through the gardens around Fort Washington. Besides many hair-breadth escapes, we had news daily of persons killed on the Little Miami, or on the Great Miami, or between the settlements. One morning, a few persons started in a periogue to go to Columbia, and the Indians killed most of them a little above the mouth of Deer creek, within hearing of the town. David Clayton, one of the killed, was one of our family."

"On the 21st of May, (1791,) the Indians fired on my father, when he was at work on his out-lot in Cincinnati, and took prisoner Joseph Cutter, within a few yards of him. The alarm was given by hallooing from lot to lot, until it reached town. I had just arrived from Leach's station. The men in town were running to the public ground, and I there met with one who saw the Indians firing on my father. I asked if any would proceed with me, and pushed on with a few young men without halting. We, however, met my father, after running a short distance, and got to the ground soon after the Indians had secured Cutter. While we were finding the trail of the Indians on their retreat, perhaps forty persons had arrived, most of whom joined in the pursuit; but by the time we had gained the top of the river hills, we had only eight. Cutter had lost one of his shoes, so that we could frequently distinguish his track in crossing water courses, and we found there was an equal number of Indians. We were stripped, and a young dog belonging to me, led us on the trace, and generally kept about a hundred yards ahead. We kept them on the full run until dark, thinking we sometimes discovered the shaking of the bushes. We came back to Cincinnati that night, and they only went two



miles farther from where our pursuit ceased. The next day they were pursued again, but not overtaken."

"On the first day of June, my father was killed by them. He was stabbed in five places and scalped. Two men, that were at the outlet with him when the Indians showed themselves, ran before him towards the town. He passed them at about three hundred yards, the Indians being in pursuit behind; but another, as it was supposed, had concealed himself in the brush of a fallen tree-top between them and the town. As my father was passing it, a naked Indian sprang upon him; my father was seen to throw him, but at this time the Indian was plunging his knife into his heart. He took a small scalp off and ran. The men behind came up immediately, but my father was already dead."

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#### ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT.

"On the fourth [of November] at daybreak, I began to prepare for returning [to Fort Washington,\*] and had got about half my luggage on my horse, when the firing commenced. We were encamped just within the lines, on the right. The attack was made on the Kentucky militia. Almost instantaneously, the small remnant of them that escaped broke through the line near us, and this line gave way. Followed by a tremendous fire from the enemy, they passed me. I threw my bridle over a stump, from which a tent pole had been cut, and followed a short distance, when finding the troops had halted, I returned and brought my horse a little farther. I was now between the fires, and finding the troops giving way again, was obliged to leave him a second time. As I quitted him he was shot down, and I felt rather glad of it, as I concluded that now I shall be at liberty to share in the engagement. My inexperience prompted me to calculate on our forces being far superior to any that the savages could assemble, and that we should soon have the pleasure of driving them. Not more than five minutes had yet elapsed, when a soldier near me had his arm swinging with a wound. I requested his arms and accoutrements, as he was unable to use them, promising to return them to him, and commenced firing. The smoke was settled down to within about three feet of the ground, but I generally put one knee to the ground and with a rest from behind a tree, waited the appearance of an Indian's head from behind his cover, or for one to run and change his position. Before I was convinced of my mistaken calculations, the battle was half over and I had become familiarised to the scene. Hearing the firing at one time unusually brisk near the rear of the

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\* He was in the quarter-master general's service; so that he "fought on his own hook."



left wing, I crossed the encampment. Two levy officers were just ordering a charge. I had fired away my ammunition and some of the bands of my musket had flown off. I picked up another, and a cartridge box nearly full, and pushed forward with about thirty others. The Indians ran to the right, where there was a small ravine filled with logs. I bent my course after them, and on looking round, found I was with only seven or eight men, the others having kept straight forward and halted about thirty yards off. We halted also, and being so near to where the savages lay concealed, the second fire from them left me standing alone. My cover was a small sugar tree or beech scarcely large enough to hide me. I fired away all my ammunition; I am uncertain whether with any effect or not. I then looked for the party near me, and saw them retreating and half way back to the lines. I followed them, running my best, and was soon in. By this time our artillery had been taken, I do not know whether the first or second time, and our troops had just retaken it, and were charging the enemy across the creek in front; and some person told me to look at an Indian running with one of our kegs of powder, but I did not see him. There were about thirty of our men and officers lying scalped around the pieces of artillery. It appeared that the Indians had not been in a hurry, for their hair was all skinned off."

"Daniel Bonham, a young man raised by my uncle and brought up with me, and whom I regarded as a brother, had by this time received a shot through his hips, and was unable to walk. I procured a horse and got him on. My uncle had received a ball near his wrist that lodged near his elbow. The ground was literally covered with dead and dying men, and the commander gave orders to take the way—perhaps they had been given more explicitly. Happening to see my uncle, he told me that a retreat was ordered, and that I must do the best I could, and take care of myself. Bonham insisted that he had a better chance of escaping than I had, and urged me to look to my own safety alone. I found the troops pressing like a drove of bullocks to the right. I saw an officer, whom I took to be lieut. Morgan, an aid to general Butler, with six or eight men, start on a run a little to the left of where I was. I immediately ran and fell in with them. In a short distance we were so suddenly among the Indians, who were not apprised of our object, that they opened to us, and ran to the right and left without firing. I think about two hundred of our men passed through them before they fired, except a chance shot. When we had proceeded about two miles, most of those mounted had passed me. A boy had been thrown or fell off a horse, and begged my assistance. I ran, pulling him along, about two miles further,

until I had become nearly exhausted. Of the last two horses in the rear, one carried two men, and the other three. I made an exertion and threw him on behind the two men. The Indians followed but about half a mile further. The boy was thrown off some time afterwards, but escaped and got in safely. My friend Bonham I did not see on the retreat, but understood he was thrown off about this place, and lay on the left of the trace, where he was found in the winter and was buried. I took the cramp violently in my thighs, and could scarcely walk, until I got within a hundred yards of the rear, where the Indians were tomahawking the old and wounded men; and I stopped here to tie my pocket handkerchief around a man's wounded knee. I saw the Indians close in pursuit at this time, and for a moment my spirits sunk, and I felt in despair for my safety. I considered whether I should leave the road, or whether I was capable of any further exertion. If I left the road, the Indians were in plain sight and could easily overtake me. I threw the shoes off my feet and the coolness of the ground seemed to revive me. I again began a trot, and recollect that, when a bend in the road offered, and I got before half a dozen persons, I thought it would occupy some time for the enemy to massacre them, before my turn would come. By the time I had got to Stillwater, about eleven miles, I had gained the centre of the flying troops, and, like them, came to a walk. I fell in with lieutenant Shaumburg, who, I think, was the only officer of artillery that got away unhurt, with corporal Mott, and a woman who was called red-headed Nance. The latter two were both crying. Mott was lamenting the loss of his wife, and Nance that of an infant child. Shaumburg was nearly exhausted, and hung on Mott's arm. I carried his fusee and accoutrements, and led Nance; and in this sociable way we arrived at Fort Jefferson, a little after sunset.

"The commander-in-chief had ordered Col Darke to press forward to the convoys of provisions, and hurry them on to the army. Major Truman, captain Sedan and my uncle were setting forward with him. A number of soldiers, and packhorsemen on foot, and myself among them, joined them. We came on a few miles, when all, overcome with fatigue, agreed to halt. Darius Curtus Orcutt,\* a packhorse master, had stolen at Jefferson, one pocket full of flour and the other full of beef. One of the men had a kettle, and one Jacob Fowler and myself groped about in the dark, until we found some water, where a tree had been blown out of root. We made a kettle of soup, of which I got a small portion among the many. It was then concluded

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\*Orcutt's packhorses were branded D. C. O., and it was a standing joke, when any one asked what the brand meant, to answer that D. C. stood for Darby Carey, and the round O for his wife.

as there was a bend in the road a few miles further on, that the Indians might undertake to intercept us there, and we decamped and traveled about four or five miles further. I had got a rifle and ammunition at Jefferson, from a wounded militiaman, an old acquaintance, to bring in. A sentinel was set, and we laid down and slept, until the governor came up a few hours afterward. I think I never slept so profoundly. I could hardly get awake after I was on my feet. On the day before the defeat, the ground was covered with snow. The flats were now filled with water frozen over, the ice as thick as a knife-blade. I was worn out with fatigue, with my feet knocked to pieces against the roots in the night, and splashing through the ice without shoes. In the morning we got to a camp of pack-horsemen, and amongst them I got a doughboy or water-dumpling, and proceeded. We got within seven miles of Hamilton on this day, and arrived there soon on the morning of the sixth."

*B. Van Cleave*

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CELEBRATION OF 1832.

THE band of intrepid heroes under the command of general George Rogers Clark, stationed at the mouth of Licking, on the fourth day of November, 1782, resolved that all the survivors should on that day fifty years afterward, meet on the same ground. That half-centennial celebration fell on the 4th of November, 1832. The time and place of meeting was extensively published in the papers in the West, a few months previously.

The reception of the following contributions relating to it, from our worthy correspondent, revived some of our most sad recollections. Well do we remember the day that the old pioneers met, and the horrific appearance of our almost deserted streets. Till this day, do we feel the great contrast between our anticipations of that meeting of the venerable and venerated fathers of the land, and the reality when it came. The anticipated joy had fled, and in its place, mourning for departed friends, fears for those around us, and gloomy anticipations for ourselves, had taken its place in the breast of almost every one. The Asiatic cholera was here.

It had been contemplated to make the necessary arrangements for the erection of a monument, to the settlement of the West, on the scite of old Fort Washington; there being a beautiful location for it at the intersection of several streets. It was contemplated to make the arrangements, and to invite the pioneers to lay the corner stone, commemorative of the great corner stone of this western country, which they had laid on a large scale fifty years before; but circumstances forbid the very mention, except among a very few



Had the cause of the gloomy darkness which then hung over our city, but cleared off and left a bright sky of only two weeks, arrangements would have been made for a very different kind of scene, to that which did take place, on the memorable 5th of November, 1832.

We hope to see such a monument built on that ground yet, and that some ancient time-worn father of the West, will lay the corner stone of it. We do not conceive that the world ever will, or ever can, behold such another scene as was the settlement and progress of the western country. Shall we not then memorize the event, and those who shared its dangers, toils and deaths?

Mount Carmel, Illinois, January 24th, 1843.

J. S. WILLIAMS, Esq.

Dear Sir—I sent you by mistake my last, “General St. Clair’s Army,” to Chillicothe.

I herewith enclose the old original draft of the address to the Western Pioneers, which I drew up by order of general Simon Kenton in 1832. The day of meeting had been ascertained by major John Kenton’s letter, preserved by old Mr. Galloway. From some sickness, general Kenton did not attend the 50th year’s celebration, consequently, I failed in going, being “*Pioneer Junior* ;”<sup>\*</sup> and, although the cholera prevailed at Cincinnati at the time, many attended, and the corporation generously voted the old veterans a dinner!

Quere—Why not another pioneer celebration, say the ensuing fall, or in 1844—where? Say Wabash, Tippecanoe *battle ground*, or near old Vincennes, the oldest western settlement and most central; and let it be a *pioneer camp-meeting*. This would indeed cheer the surviving old veterans!

The following account may be interesting, and serve to illustrate general Kenton’s true patriotism.

General Simon Kenton, like Daniel Boon, became very poor; (Boon, it is said, always thought he had *land* enough; he gave away many tracts, for which he executed general warrantee deeds. The titles were contested, the land lost, and Boon had to pay full value for what he had given away.) Kenton, on losing much in Kentucky, migrated to the north-western territory about 1797; the same year Boon migrated to Boonslick, Missouri; and in the north-west territory Kenton was unfortunate in his mills and contracts for pre-emption rights, in colonel John Cleve Symmes’ purchase, his partner receiving all the profits. In addition to this, he was pursued from Kentucky

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<sup>\*</sup> Our venerable contributor is not clear in respect to the reason of his failing to attend the celebration of 1832. We presume his meaning is that he was the writer of the articles signed “*Pioneer Junior*,” which appeared in the papers of that fall, and that being with the old general, who was sick, his attachment to the old veteran prevailed over his desire to attend the celebration. If we are wrong our friend will please to correct us.—*Ed. Pioneer*.

with judgments, executions, and troubles. To secure a house free from embarrassments, he got Mr. Lucas Sullivant of Franklinton, a locator, to enter lands in his name for his wife and children, he having yet large tracts of mountain lands in Kentucky; but they had been forfeited to the state for *taxes*! He, however, endeavored to open the way to sell them, by experimenting for some time in digging for salt water, to manufacture salt; failing in this, his last resource was to make a direct application to the legislature, to release the forfeiture on his lands. But he was poor and pennyless. Summoning up resolution, he prepared for the journey, mounted an old poverty-stricken horse, with tattered garments (about 1824;) the first night (seeking out his friend, for lodging) he reached captain Abner Barritt, an old friend, and was kindly entertained—the second night he reached the house of Mr. James Galloway, senior, residing near Xenia, an old friend and acquaintance. After supper, Mr. Galloway, who had seen his horse, wretched saddle and bridle, and now, looking on his tattered garments—"Kenton," said he, "you have served your country faithfully, even down to old age; what expedition against the British and savages was ever raised in the West, but you was among the most prominent in it? Even down to the last war, you were with Harrison at the taking of general Proctor's army in Canada: an old gray-headed warrior, you could not stay at home while your country needed your services; and, look how they have neglected you! How can you stand such treatment?" Kenton rose from his seat, casting a fierce and fiery look at his old friend Galloway; clinching his right fist, with a stamp of his right foot, he exclaimed with warmth, "Don't say that again; if you do, I will leave your house, and never again call you my friend."

Kenton passed on to Kentucky, and to Frankfort, where the legislature was in session, with all his troubles hanging over his head, in order to petition the legislature to remit the forfeiture of his land for taxes; which, he said, if he could sell for six and a fourth cents an acre, it would be doing "mighty well!"

On Kenton's arrival in Frankfort, at first no one recognised him. A roughly clothed old man was seen with tattered garments, passing to and fro, for Kenton's old friends had nearly all gone to a world of spirits. At length a senator from Bath county, general Thomas Fletcher, recognised the old warrior; he took him by the hand, led him to a tailor's shop, and had his measure taken for a full suit of clothes, and bought him (with others no doubt) a new hat, and after he was dressed, on the adjournment of the legislature, Kenton was taken to the capitol, and into the representative chamber, placed in the speak-

er's chair, and there was introduced the second great adventurer of the West, to a crowded assembly of legislators, judges, officers of government, and citizens generally. Kenton told me it was the "proudest" day of his life! His lands were released from *forfeiture*, through memorials then forwarded; congress soon after granted him a *pension*, and the last time I saw the old man, in 1832, he was wearing the same suit of clothes, and I believe that the SAME hat was still on his head!

I intended issuing a publication similar to the Pioneer, and in 1830 issued a *prospectus*; but my worthy friends of the National Intelligencer, said that it would be an "*up-hill* business;" I trust you will make it so, and go up to the top of it!

Having such an object in view, I have almost as much matter on hand, as you can shake a stick at, but not time to digest it; however, I shall not forget your promised autographs, when able to arrange them. I am at present slowly recovering from a long spell of severe sickness.

Yours, very respectfully,

*H. S. Giddens*

#### ADDRESS TO THE CITIZENS OF THE WESTERN COUNTRY.

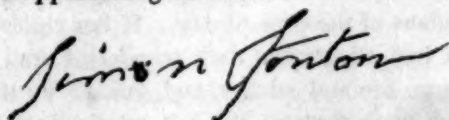
The old pioneers, citizen-soldiers, and those who were engaged with us in the regular service, in the conquest of the western country from the British and savages, fifty years ago, have all been invited to attend, with the survivors of general George Rogers Clark's army of 1782, who purpose the celebration of a western anniversary according to their promise made on the ground, the 4th day of November, in that year. Those, also, who were engaged in like service subsequently, and in the late war, have been invited to attend, and join with us in the celebration on the said 4th of November, at old Fort Washington, now Cincinnati. I propose that we meet at Covington, Kentucky, on the 3d: the 4th, being sabbath, to attend divine service; on Monday meet our friends on the ground where the old fort stood; and then take a final adieu, to meet no more, until we shall all meet in a world of spirits!

Fellow-citizens of the West!—this is a meeting well worthy your very serious consideration. The few survivors of that race, who are now standing on the verge of the grave, view with anxious concern the welfare of their common country; for which they fought against British oppression and savage cruelty, to secure to you, our posterity,



the blessings of liberty, religion and law. We will meet and we will tell you what we have suffered to secure to you these inestimable privileges: we will meet, and if you will listen, we will admonish you face to face, to be as faithful as we have been, to transmit those blessings unimpaired to your posterity; that America may long, and we trust forever, remain a free, sovereign, independent, and happy country. We look to our fellow-citizens in Kentucky and Ohio, near the place of meeting, to make provision for their old fathers of the West. We look to our patriot captains of our steamboats, and patriotic stage contractors and companies, and our generous inn-keepers, to make provision, for the going and returning to Cincinnati, from all parts of the West. We know that they will deem it an honor, to accommodate the gray-headed veterans of the West, who go to meet their companions for the last time; for this may be the only opportunity they will ever have to serve their old fathers, the pioneers and veterans of the West.

Fellow-citizens!—being one of the first, after colonel Daniel Boon, who aided in the conquest of Kentucky, and the West, I am called upon to address you. My heart melts on such an occasion; I look forward to the contemplated meeting with melancholy pleasure; it has caused tears to flow in copious showers. I wish to see once more, before I die, my few surviving friends. My *solemn promise*, made fifty years ago, binds me to meet them. I ask not for myself; but you may find in our assembly some who have never received any pay or pension, who have sustained the cause of their country, equal to any other service; who in the decline of life are poor. Then, you prosperous sons of the West, forget not those old and gray-headed veterans on this occasion; let them return to their families with some little manifestation of your kindness to cheer their hearts. I add my prayer: may kind heaven grant us a clear sky, fair and pleasant weather—a safe journey and a happy meeting, and smile upon us and our families, and bless us and our nation on the approaching occasion.



Urbana, Ohio, 1832.

Our venerable contributor informs us that he has an outline sketch of the likeness of the old veteran, that has been counted very good. We hope to get a sight of it, as we would be glad to give it in the Pioneer. Perhaps that would be still more acceptable to our readers than his signature. It is certainly the duty of the present generation to preserve every thing respecting the history of the country from the first, and the likeness of the old pioneer is part.

## EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WEST.

## NUMBER II.

Great difficulties encountered by early settlers—Moral condition of the settlers—Religious zeal and poverty—Clothing and education—Comparison of difficulties between settling a new country then and now.

BUT to return to our emigrants. Beside their exposure to Indian depredations and massacres, they had other trials to endure, which at the present day cannot be appreciated. One of the most vexatious was, the running away of their horses. As soon as the fly season commenced the horses seemed resolved on leaving the country, and recrossing the mountains. The river was no barrier. They swam the Monongahela, and often proceeded one hundred and fifty miles before they were taken up. During the husband's absence in pursuit of his horses, his wife was necessarily left alone with her children in their unfinished cabin, surrounded by forests, in which the howl of the wolf was heard from every hill. If want of provisions, or other causes, made a visit to a neighbor's necessary, she must either take her children with her through the woods, or leave them unprotected, under the most fearful apprehension that some mischief might befall them before her return. As bread and meat were scarce, milk was the principal dependence for the support of the family. One cow of each family was provided with a bell, which, if good, could be heard from half a mile to a mile. The woman left alone, on getting up in the morning, instead of lacing her corsets, and adjusting her curls, placed herself in the most favorable position for listening to her cow-bell, which she knew as well as she did the voice of her child, and considered it fortunate if she heard it even at a distance. By her nice and never-failing discrimination of sounds, she could detect her own, even among a clamor of many other bells; thus manifesting a nicety of ear which, with cultivation, might have been envied by the best musicians of the present day. If her children were small, she tied them in bed, to prevent their wandering, and to guard them from danger from fire and snakes, and, guided by the tinkling of the bell, made her way through the tall weeds, and across the ravines until she found the object of her search. Happy on her return to find her children unharmed, and regardless of a thorough wetting from the dew, she hastened to prepare their breakfast of milk boiled with a little meal or homminy, or in the protracted absence of her husband, it was often reduced to milk alone. Occasionally venison and turkeys were obtained from hunters. Those settlers who were provided with rifles could, with little loss of time, supply their families with fresh

meat, but with the new settlers rifles were scarce. They were more accustomed to the musket.

It may seem to some, that these people, whose hardships and poverty I have been describing, must have been degraded, or they would have been better provided with the means of comfortable living. But they who would come to this conclusion, must be ignorant of the condition of our country at the close of the revolution.

The poverty of the disbanded soldier was not the consequence of idleness, dissipation or vice. The times were in fault, not the man. The money which he had received for his services in the army, proved to be nearly worthless. But, instead of brooding over this injustice, or seeking to redress his wrongs by means which would disturb the public peace, and demolish the temple of liberty which he had labored to erect, he nobly resolved to bear his misfortunes, and brave the dangers and hardships of emigration.

A more intelligent, virtuous, and resolute class of men never settled any country, than the first settlers of western Pennsylvania: and the women who shared their sufferings and sacrifices were no less worthy. Very many of the settlers in what are now Washington and Allegany counties were professors of religion of the strictest sect of Seceders. I well remember hearing them, when a boy, rail at Watt's psalms, and other like heresies. At a very early period of the settlement, a distinguished minister of that denomination, Mr. Henderson, was settled near Canonsburgh. It was common for families to ride from ten to fifteen miles to meeting. The young people regularly walked five or six miles, and in summer carried their stockings and shoes, if they had any, in their hands, both going and returning. I believe that no churches, or houses of worship, were erected in the country until about 1790. Even in winter the meetings were held in the open air. A grove was selected, which partially sheltered the congregation from the weather, where a log pulpit was erected, and logs furnished the audience with seats. Among the men who attended public worship in winter, ten were obliged to substitute a blanket or coverlet for a great coat, where one enjoyed the luxury of that article. So great was the destitution of comfortable clothing, that when the first court of Common Pleas was held in Cat-fish, now Washington, a highly respectable citizen, whose presence was required as a magistrate, could not attend court without first borrowing a pair of leather breeches from an equally respectable neighbor, who was summoned on the grand jury. The latter lent them, and having no others, had to stay at home. This scarcity of clothing will not seem surprising when we consider the condition of the country at that time,



and that most of these settlers brought but a scanty supply of clothing and bedding with them. Their stock could not be replenished until flax was grown, and made into cloth.

Those who are reared in contact with the ledgers, the claims, the lawsuits, and the bankruptcies of this contentious age, can form but a faint idea of real pioneer hospitality, in which half of the scanty supply of a needy family was often cheerfully served up, to relieve the necessity of the still more needy traveler or emigrant family. From feelings and acts of this kind, as from seeds, has sprung much of the systematized benevolence in which many of our enlightened citizens are engaged.

The labor of all the settlers was greatly interrupted by the Indian war. Although the older settlers had some sheep, yet their increase was slow, as the country abounded in wolves. It was therefore the work of time to secure a supply of wool. Deerskin was a substitute for cloth for men and boys, but not for women and girls, although they were sometimes compelled to resort to it. The women had to spin, and generally to weave all the cloth for their families, and when the wife was feeble, and had a large family, her utmost efforts could not enable her to provide them with anything like comfortable clothing. The wonder is, and I shall never cease to wonder, that they did not sink under their burthens. Their patient endurance of these accumulated hardships did not arise from a slavish servility, or insensibility to their rights and comforts. They justly appreciated their situation and nobly encountered the difficulties which could not be avoided. Possessing all the affections of the wife, the tenderness of the mother, and the sympathies of the woman, their tears flowed freely for others' griefs, while they bore their own with a fortitude which none but a woman could exercise. The entire education of her children devolved on the mother, and notwithstanding the difficulties to be encountered, she did not allow them to grow up wholly without instruction; but amidst all her numerous cares taught them to read, and instructed them in the principles of christianity. To accomplish this, under the circumstances, was no easy task. The exciting influences which surrounded them, made the boys restless under restraint. Familiarized as they were to hardships from the cradle, and daily listening to stories of Indian massacres and depredations, and to the heroic exploits of some neighboring pioneer, who had taken an Indian scalp, or by some daring effort saved his own, ignorant of the sports and toys with which children in other circumstances are wont to be amused, no wonder they desired to emulate the soldier, or engage in the scarcely less exciting adventures of the hunt-

er. Yet even many of these boys were subdued by the faithfulness of the mother, who labored to bring them up in the fear of God.

If the reader would reflect upon the difference between the difficulties of emigration at that early day, and those of the present, he must cast his eyes upon the rugged mountain steeps, then an almost unbroken and trackless wilderness, haunted by all sorts of wild and fierce beasts, and poisonous reptiles—he must then observe that the hand of civilization has since crossed them by the smooth waters of canals, or the gentle and even ascents of turnpikes and rail-roads, and strewed them thick with the comforts of life; he may then have a faint idea of the difference of the journey; and as to the difference of living after removal then and now, let him consider that then almost every article of convenience and subsistence must be brought with them, or rather could neither be brought nor procured, and must necessarily be erased from the vocabulary of house-keeping; let him think what has since been done by the power of steam in ascending almost to the very sources of the many ramifications of our various rivers, carrying all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life, and depositing them at points easy of access to almost every new settler, and he will see that if settling is now difficult, it was distressing then. When he further reflects upon the abundant and overflowing products of the West, compared with the absence of agriculture, arts, and manufactures, in those early days, and now that not only our largest rivers and gigantic lakes, but the ocean itself, by the power of increased science, are all converted into mere ferries, he will at once conclude that the emigrants to Liberia, New Holland, Oregon, or California can know nothing of privation compared with the pioneers of the West. Our country now abounds in every thing, and commerce extends over the world. If poverty or suffering exist, benevolence seeks it out, and relieves it, whether it be far off or near, whether in Greece or the islands of the sea.

### NUMBER III.

#### COMMERCE OF THE WEST.

Horse packing—Its termination—Emigration to Kentucky—Market to New Orleans—Dangers and difficulties of the trade to New Orleans.

WHEN our emigrants had struggled through the first summer, and the Indians had returned to their homes, the leading men set about supplying the settlement with salt and iron. These indispensable articles could only be obtained east of the mountains, at some point accessible by wagons from a sea-port. Winchester and Chambersburgh were salt depots. One man, and one or more boys, were selected from each neighborhood to take charge of the horses, which

the settlers turned into the common concern. Each horse was provided with a packsaddle, a halter, a lash rope to secure the load, and sufficient feed for twenty days, a part of which was left on the mountains for a return supply. The owner of each horse provided the means of purchasing his own salt. A substitute for cash was found in skins, furs, and ginseng, all of which were in demand east of the mountains. With these articles and a supply of provisions for the journey, they set out after selecting a captain for the company. Notwithstanding the fatigues to be endured, (the entire return journey having to be performed on foot,) no office was ever sought with more importunity than was this by the boys who were old enough to be selected on this expedition. Not only salt but merchandise for the supply of the country west of the mountains, was principally carried on pack horses until after 1788. Packing continued to be an important business in Kentucky until 1795. The merchants of that state, for mutual convenience and protection, each provided with as many horses and drivers as his business required, repaired to the place of rendezvous, organized themselves, appointed officers, and adopted regulations for their government. Every man was well armed, provisioned and furnished with camp equipage. The expedition was conducted on military principles. The time and place of stopping and starting were settled by the officers, and sentries always watched at night. This company of merchants carried to the east furs, peltries, ginseng, flax, linen cloth, and specie (the latter obtained from New Orleans in exchange for tobacco, corn and whisky.) These articles found a ready sale in Philadelphia or Baltimore for dry goods, groceries and hardware, including bar-iron and copper for stills. These caravans would transport many tons of goods, and when arranged by experienced hands, the goods could be delivered without injury in Kentucky. It was necessary to balance the loads with great care in order to preserve the backs of the horses from injury. If well broke to packing, they could travel twenty-five miles a day.

After the final peace with the Indians, this mode of transportation ceased; and the packers, who had been the lions of the day, were succeeded by still greater lions, the *keel boatmen*, who will be noticed hereafter.

Emigration continued to western Pennsylvania. Even the most exposed districts increased in population, and many of the emigrants of 1785 and '86 were what was then considered rich. They introduced into the country large stocks of cattle, sheep and hogs, cleared large farms, built grist and saw mills, and gave employment to many poor settlers. But notwithstanding the brightening prospects, the healthy



climate and good soil, many of the settlers became restless and dissatisfied with their location, which they believed inferior to Kentucky, or some other country still farther off in the West. Numbers sold their improvements in the fall of 1786 and prepared for descending the Ohio with their families in the spring. The various hardships which they had encountered in providing a home for their families seemed to increase their enterprise and to inspire them with a desire of new adventures. Their anticipated home was as much exposed to the tomahawk as the one which they were about to leave; besides the hazard of descending the river five hundred miles in a flat boat, was very great. The capture of the boats and destruction of whole families frequently occurred. But these dangers did not lessen the tide of emigration which set down the river from 1786 to '95. Few of these emigrants were well to live. They had sold their land in Pennsylvania for a small sum, which they received in barter, generally in copper for stills, which was in great demand. A good still of one hundred gallons would purchase two hundred acres of land even within ten miles of Pittsburgh, and in Kentucky could be exchanged for a much larger tract.

The erection of mills gave a great stimulus to the industry of the settlers of western Pennsylvania. New Orleans furnished a good market for all the flour, bacon, and whisky which the upper country could furnish, and those who, in 1784, had suffered for want of provisions, in 1790 became exporters.

The trade to New Orleans, like every enterprise of the day, was attended with great hardship and hazard. The right bank of the Ohio for hundreds of miles was alive with hostile Indians. The voyage was performed in flat boats, and occupied from four to six months. Several neighbors united their means in building the boat, and in getting up the voyage: some giving their labor, and others furnishing materials. Each put on board his own produce at his own risk, and one of the owners always accompanied the boat as captain and supercargo. A boat of ordinary size required about six hands, each of whom generally received sixty dollars a trip on his arrival at New Orleans. They returned either by sea to Baltimore, where they would be within three hundred miles of home, or more generally through the wilderness, a distance of about two thousand miles. A large number of these boatmen were brought together at New Orleans. Their journey home could not be made in small parties, as they carried large quantities of specie, and the road was infested by robbers. The outlaws and fugitives from justice from the states resorted to this road. Some precautionary arrangements were necessa-

ry. The boatmen who preferred returning through the wilderness, organized and selected their officers. These companies sometimes numbered several hundred, and a greater proportion of them were armed. They were provided with mules to carry the specie and provisions, and some spare ones for the sick. Those who were able purchased mules, or Indian ponies, for their use, but few could afford to ride. As the journey was usually performed after the sickly season commenced, and the first six or seven hundred miles was through a flat, unhealthy country, with bad water, the spare mules were early loaded with the sick. There was a general anxiety to hasten through this region of malaria. Officers would give up their horses to the sick, companions would carry them forward as long as their strength enabled; but although every thing was done for their relief, which could be done without the retarding the progress of their journey, many died on the way, or were left to the care of the Indian or hunter who had settled on the road. Many who survived an attack of fever, and reached the healthy country of Tennessee, were long recovering sufficient strength to resume their journey home. One would suppose that men would be reluctant to engage in a service which exposed them to so great suffering and mortality, without extraordinary compensation; but such were the love of adventure, and recklessness of danger which characterized the young men of the West, that there was no lack of hands to man the boats, although their number increased from twenty-five to fifty per cent. yearly. The fact that some of these boatmen would return with fifty Spanish dollars, which was a large sum at that day, was no small incentive to others, who perhaps never had a dollar of their own.

*Wilson*

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RELIC OF ANCIENT TIMES.

THE following was copied from a relic of ancient times, in the possession of Charles Whittesey, Esq., of Cleveland, Ohio.

*December 1st, 1773.*

Reconed with John Fitch and ballanced all accounts to this day and Due John Fitch Seventeen Pounds and Four Shillings.

*John Fitch*

Witness present—John Cochran.

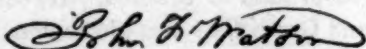
John Wilson.

The ancient relic is backed thus—

*Germantown, Penn. October 12th., 1842.*

I, John F. Watson, cashier of the bank of Germantown, and formerly notary-public at this place, having a familiar knowledge of the handwriting of John Fitch, the steamboat inventor, do certify, that this paper, on both sides, is written in the proper handwriting of said J. Fitch, and shows his usual signature, as written December 1, 1773. I further certify that this paper was cut out of a folio cap account book, kept in the writing, and in the name of said John Fitch. It was so cut by Dan. Longstreth, who was possessor of the book, and showed me the same, and gave me this paper as a proof of Fitch's writing, and given to me within the last month. In testimony of this my just and true declaration, I sign my name and give my known seal and signature.

(L.S.)



Witness present—George W. Wilson, P. M.

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CELEBRATION OF 1832.

WITHOUT the least preconcert we received the following from our friend major Galloway only one day too late to go with matter on the same subject, at page 153. We here insert it, as an item of interest, and hope the old pioneers will attend to the invitation, yea request, now given, as intimated by him. We trust also that our friend will not take with him hence the important matter he can communicate, which, if left behind, will be of use. We fain hope that he will take with him a clear consciousness not only of having done his duty faithfully as a pioneer, soldier, and citizen, which we doubt not, but also of having left for the benefit of after generations, a faithful account of his past experience.

*Xenia, February 9th, 1843.*

MR. J. S. WILLIAMS,

Sir—I enclose you the copy of a paper which I have accidentally found, that was published in many papers of the day, upwards of ten years ago, on a subject which then attracted the attention of a portion of the western public. Perhaps there may yet be a few survivors of the "olden time," that might be able to give a history of the transaction to which it relates—if invited to do so through the pages of the Pioneer You will please to preserve the paper.





## ADDRESS,

*To the surviving Officers and Soldiers who served under General George Rogers Clark, on a campaign against the Indians in the year 1782.*

FELLOW SOLDIERS—In the year 1827 general Green Clay and captain John Kenton made some exertions to ascertain the names and the residence of such of us, as were then living, who served on the above campaign, and to call our attention to a promise which, at the instance of captain M'Cracken was made to him, and to each other, on the 4th November, 1782, when encamped opposite the mouth of Licking, where Cincinnati now is, that as many of us as should be living, would meet on that ground on that day fifty years, which will be on the 4th day of November next. You will no doubt all recollect captain M'Cracken. He commanded the company of light-horse, and Green Clay was his lieutenant. The captain was slightly wounded in the arm at the Piqua town, when within a few feet of one of the subscribers; from which place he was carried on a horse-litter for several days; his wound produced mortification, and he died in going down the hill, where the city of Cincinnati now stands. He was buried near the block-house we had erected opposite the mouth of Licking, and the breast-works were thrown over his grave to prevent the savages from scalping him.

Since 1827, Green Clay and John Kenton have both died. It is not known what number of us they ascertained to be then living, nor where they reside. John Kenton, in a letter to one of us in that year, states that he only knew of about twenty who were then living, but was informed that there were many more living in the state of Kentucky. We have resided for upwards of thirty years in the state of Ohio; all our comrades of 1782, with whom we were acquainted in this state, and many who lived elsewhere, are dead—we know of not one survivor but ourselves, but hope there may yet be many others. We are both old men, and have survived the ordinary term of human life; but still our hearts are warmed with a portion of youthful feeling when we look back to the times of the first settlement of the West—times which tried men's souls; and also when we look forward to the near approach of that time, when we promised to meet on a spot which was then a forest, but is now a city, rivalling in numbers, wealth and enterprize, many cities whose history goes back for centuries; a time when we hope to take by the hand, and to exchange congratulations with those whom we once knew in the prime of life, in youthful manhood, full of patriotism and love of country; but whom we now can only expect to see, bowed down

with age, with hoary locks and tottering limbs; with every feeling blunted, but that of love of country, and attachment to our free republican institutions.

We would earnestly invite and entreat all our companions who can by any means attend, to meet us in Cincinnati on the 3rd (the 4th being Sunday) day of November next. We also respectfully request that editors of newspapers would give circulation to this notice, particularly in Kentucky.

*Simon Johnston*

*James Galloway*

June 22nd, 1832.

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WILLIAM WHIPPLE'S LETTERS.

No. VIII.

*Portsmouth, 7th September, 1778.*

MY DEAR SIR—Yours of the 20th and 27th July and 10th of August, were put into my hands on my arrival last evening from Rhode Island. A particular account of that expedition, together with the causes of its failure, you undoubtedly have had before this time. I shall therefore content myself with telling you that about twelve hundred volunteers turned out from New Hampshire on the occasion; and had matters been so circumstanced that they could have been called into immediate action, it's very probable would have been essentially serviceable. But those people who engaged in the service for an uncertain time, generally fix a time in their own minds, and when that time is expired, it is as much impossible to keep them, even half an hour, as it is to alter the course of the sun. This was the case with the New Hampshire volunteers. After being on the island a fortnight, they began to be tired, and of course to go off, so that by the day of action, scarce a man was left of those I was sent to command, notwithstanding I used every method I could devise to retain them only three days; however, I would not have you suppose that this desertion was peculiar to the New Hampshire volunteers, for those from the other states acted the same part, so that by the day of action we had not so many men as the enemy could bring against us. This circumstance with others, that no doubt are before congress, will,

I flatter myself, fully justify the army in quitting the Island, especially as the retreat was effected without any loss on our part. A particular return of our loss in the action of the 29th, no doubt has been forwarded by general Sullivan; our loss was really very small considering the severity of the action, and every one present must allow that no men could have behaved better than the whole of our army. However, the expedition has failed, and those who are not by contract obliged to continue in the field are returned to their respective homes, waiting the next call.

I find by the newspapers that the French minister has had the audience you mentioned, and I think it would have been full as well not to have given the world so particular an account of the *sittings, risings, and doings*, &c. The publication of such trifling circumstances can answer no valuable purpose.

I am very sensible congress must be very hard drove, but I can conceive of no business that demands attention more than the *currency* and the *marine affairs*. Unless something is done to give stability to the currency, your navy will sink to nothing, and the army will soon become clamorous.

I have nothing new to give you. The French fleet are at Boston refitting; but the part they will act when fit for sea, time only can determine. People in general this way, are much dissatisfied with their past conduct, but I hope their future will be more agreeable. We have a report that *Byron* is arrived with a fleet from France, to support the count De Estaing—I think he must be in a bad situation. By next post I may be able to give you some account of *our* state affairs, and in the mean time be assured that,

I am, very sincerely, yours,

HON. JOSIAH BARTLETT, }  
In Congress. }



No. IX.

Philadelphia, 30th November, 1778.

MY DEAR SIR—I have not received a line from New Hampshire since my arrival here. Mr. Frost, who arrived the 25th instant, brought with him an act empowering one delegate to represent the state—had it been sent some time before, the state would not have been so long unrepresented, and his coming rendered the act less ne-



cessary. I wish to be informed what number of the journals of congress have been sent to the state, and whether any index have been sent to the first volume.

The treaties of alliances, &c., with France are printed. I sent one book to the president last week, and shall send one to you by the first convenient opportunity.

Nothing material has happened since your departure. The business of finance goes on very slowly; however, some of the principal questions have passed the committee of the whole, which leads me to hope we shall make considerable progress in this important business in a few days. A report prevails that there was an action between the French fleet and admiral Kepele on the 3rd and 4th October, and that the former had greatly the advantage. This account comes different ways, but still I think it wants confirmation.

Colonel Allen is here; he tells me the Green Mountain assembly have renounced the sixteen towns, and wrote to New Hampshire.

Pray let me hear from you as often as possible. If I am to judge of the future by past proceedings, I must expect no intelligence, but through the channel of private correspondents.

I am, with great sincerity, yours.

HON. JOSIAH BARTLETT, }  
New Hampshire. }



#### ANCIENT COIN.

*Gill, (Franklin) Mass., Jan. 5th, 1843.*

JOHN S. WILLIAMS, Esq.,

*My Dear Sir*—Agreeably to previous intimation, I enclose to you a fac-similie of the ancient coin found not long since near the banks of Connecticut river, in this vicinity. The coin is of copper, apparently,



[The two sides are thus marked.]



and its thickness is about half that of our cent, although much corroded by the tooth of time. I know of no more suitable place to

treasure this old relic than among the pages of the 'Pioneer,' where perhaps among your numerous readers an interpreter may be found. On comparing this coin with some dozens of foreign coin, both ancient and modern, now in my possession, I find it wholly different, both in its characters and in its execution; and I fear, unless you, or some one of your antiquarian readers, are able to decipher its hieroglyphics, it will still remain wrapped in mystery, with other unaccountable things in the history of our continent, which are continually being revealed in the progress of time.

#### LINES TO THE ANCIENT COIN.

For all the things thou wouldst make known,  
 Couldst thou a tale unfold;  
 More do I prize thy dingy phiz  
 Than so much modern gold.

Is there no antiquarian wise,  
 Thy name and date to trace?  
 To put his 'specs' of wisdom on,  
 And read thy tattoo'd face?

Did he who carved the Dighton rock  
 Thee in possession hold?  
 Or how comst here to find a grave?—  
 We would the tale be told.

Who knows, but that the Hebrew dame,  
 Back in our Saviour's day,  
 Cast thee, the half of all her wealth,  
 Into the treasury?

Who knows, but that thou once didst swell  
 Old Cræsus' precious store,  
 Who knows but that some mummy, now,  
 Has turned thee o'er and o'er?

Where's Priest?—the man who wrote a book  
 Of antiquarian lore?  
 He thinks that Noah's ark, here built,  
 Was floated from our shore;

And he would say, that thou wast coined  
 Here, by some Tubal-Cain;  
 And to our side would plainly bring  
 The Old World o'er again.

'Tis well to pause awhile before  
 We call such logic 'stuff';  
 Things like to thee, old coin, do show  
 Our shores are *old* enough.

*Jos. D. Canning.*

P. S.—I will send you a fac-similie of the characters engraved upon the famous Dighton rock, in a future letter, if it would be agreeable to you, sir, to receive the same.

## INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A HUNTER.

*Greensburgh, Ohio, Jan., 11th, 1843.*

J. S. WILLIAMS, Esq.

Sir—Agreeably to my promise I now send you for publication, some incidents in the life of Mr. Ichabod Merritt, which perhaps may be interesting to your readers.

Mr. M. was born in Massachusetts in June, 1796. In 1804 his parents removed to the district of Three-Rivers, in Lower Canada. At that time there was an abundance of game in that part of Canada, and also in the adjoining parts of Vermont. For many months during the fall and winter, hunting and trapping was a regular and, also, a profitable business. It was here, and in his youthful days, that Mr. Merritt inured himself to hardship, and self-possession in case of difficulty. He usually spent his winters in the woods, either trapping the martin and sable for their fur, or in hunting the bear, moose or deer with which those woods abounded. In the fall of 1815 he, with a brother, killed ten bears, the skins of which they sold for one hundred dollars. I give his account of his killing one of them, as something of a specimen of the rest. "The dogs," (for a hunter in those days could not hunt without *two*, and sometimes more dogs) he remarked, "had started a bear, and it appeared to be coming partly towards me. I moved in a direction to head it. Soon it came in sight, and when about twelve rods from me it jumped upon a log and turned to look, and listen for the dogs. At this time I fired at it. The ball struck the jaw-bone, and glancing, lodged in the skin in its neck. The bear was hurt but little, and continued her course, coming near where I was loading. The dogs overtook and seized it. In my haste to load I had not watched them; but the moment I had finished loading I looked up, and the bear had got clear of the dogs and was pitching at me. She was not eight feet off. I sprang and ran a short distance, every step of which I could not help cringing, for I almost felt the embrace of the bear, and expected every instant to see her huge paws coming around me. As soon as I dared to look behind me, I found my faithful dogs had seized the bear, and she had turned to fight them. This gave me the very chance I wanted, and I let drive at her head, and shot her square through. She died instantly."

In that climate (Canada) the bears usually den up in the winter, and lie in something of a torpid state. During a thaw, they sometimes venture out, but that is seldom. In warmer climates they ramble more while the snow is upon the ground.

During those winter hunts, to find and kill the moose, was quite



an object with the hunters. The moose is an animal similar to the deer or elk, except vastly larger. Their color is a dark gray. The horns of the male are pronged, and very large in proportion to the size of their bodies. The body is thick-set, tail short, and they have a very large upper lip. Their usual gait is a trot, swinging their legs out so as to form a half-circle in the snow when it was three or four feet deep. "I have often," says Merritt, "measured their steps in the snow, and found them seven feet apart." A man, five and a half feet high, could walk under the belly of a full grown one. They usually bring two young at a time. In winter, they herd together, and as the snow increases, they form yards, living upon browse, the twigs and bark of trees. Sometimes they will take a strip, following some ridge or swamp, feeding upon the brush until they fill themselves, and then lie down, the next day progressing on further.

"The last moose which I killed," said Merritt, "was out back of Brompton lake in Canada. I was hunting with J. Bonney. It was near night when we came upon a moose-yard. We had taken provision but for one day. We were not expecting then to chase them, but merely to find their place of yarding, and then wait until the snow became deeper before we disturbed them. When the snow was deep, and particularly, when there was an icy crust, we could soon run them down and shoot them. Bonney was for giving immediate chase. I persuaded him to camp that night, and in the morning to ascertain where we could get some provisions, before we started them, as the chase might last, as it frequently did when there was but little snow, five or six days. The next day, it took us until about noon before we could find any thing to eat. We then obtained three quarts of Indian-meal, and about four pounds of bull-beef. We had with us a small kettle, with the aid of which we made our meal into porridge. Our dogs shared our provisions with us. We did but little this day, the second of our trip, except to get back upon the trail. The third day we gave chase; but, before night, Bonney was for giving up the pursuit. I persuaded him to continue, told him that he had been fierce to begin the pursuit when we had nothing to eat, and now when we had beef and porridge, I was for going ahead. Near night the dogs came up with them, but too late for us to get a shot at them. We again encamped. The next day, after following five miles further we overtook them back of a hill, which, by the sound, they appeared to be going around. I immediately ran to the opposite side of the hill to meet them. They came around as I expected, and I partly met them. As they turned, a large one ran upon the ice of a creek and broke in. As he rose upon the ice I was ready, and cut

loose upon him, and shot him square through. This stopped his running. After securing our prize, and getting a hearty meal of fresh meat, we returned."

When Merritt came to the state of Ohio in 1815, there were numerous elk in the forests of this state. The elk is of the deer species, although much larger, the male, like that of the deer, only having horns. They feed in the winter mostly upon coarse grass, and the bark of trees. They usually go in droves. In 1823, says Merritt, "I started three in the north-west corner of this township; after following them around awhile, one separated from the others. I followed that one, and at night came within two miles of home. I went home and slept, and the next morning I took my brother with me, and a rope, determining to catch and bring it in alive. We took its track, there being a little snow, and often came in sight of it. Many times we might have shot it, but we were determined to halter it. The next night found us about fifteen miles from home. The third day the elk became worried and hungry, as we had not allowed it to eat. During the day it ran into a cleared field, and the dogs there stopped and held it. It was a cow elk. I came up and caught my right arm over its neck, and with my left hand I took it by the nose. She soon cleared herself from the dogs, and I found that I had a wild colt to handle. She carried me with ease—frequently striking at me with her fore-feet. I managed, so that her feet usually went one upon each side of me when she reared and struck, so that I was but little hurt. I would then have been glad to be out of that scrape; but the difficulty was in letting go. We soon arrived at the opposite side of the field, where was a high and strong fence. With my weight the elk could not jump the fence, and I here, with my left hand, caught around a rail, and I found I was able to hold the creature down until my brother came up with the rope. When this was fastened to her, both of us could hold her. With the aid of a crotched stick, to keep her off, we led her to a log stable, and there confined her. After getting help so as to have one with a halter upon each side, and one behind to whip up, we succeeded to lead her home, a distance of twenty-eight miles." Merritt says, that he has killed or caught with ropes, over thirty elk, in and near this place. They have now, for more than eighteen years, all disappeared from these parts, and it will soon only be known by tradition, or from history, that such animals ever roamed our forests.

*Major Churchill*

[For the American Pioneer.]

SCENE AT POINT PLEASANT.

*Mr. Editor*—I have been rather reluctantly induced, at the suggestion of a friend, to whom I related the following incident, to submit it for publication, if it is esteemed worthy of a place in your periodical.

In the winter of 1813, the writer of this sketch, on his way from western New York with his family, bound for Cincinnati, was compelled by the ice running in the Ohio river, to seek a harbor in the mouth of the Great Kanhawa, where stands the village of Point Pleasant, on the spot made memorable by one of the most desperate battles ever fought by the Indians since the settlement of the country. After I had been there about a week, the Petersburg volunteers arrived on their way to relieve Fort Meigs, then besieged by the British and Indians. This company consisted of one hundred and fifteen men, as brave and patriotic as ever associated in defence of their country, under the command of captain M'Rea. Being unable to pass the Ohio on account of the running of the ice, they encamped near the village, and remained about two weeks, during which time the writer had an opportunity of learning their character, which soon became of great service to him. Soon as the ice permitted, they struck their tents and began to cross the river, rejoicing in the prospect of soon reaching the post of danger. Some five or six of these soldiers, impatient of delay, were about to take a skiff which belonged to the writer, who was then young, inexperienced, and of such very fiery temperament as not to be very passive when his rights were invaded, and therefore began rather abruptly, perhaps, to remonstrate with them; and on their persisting in taking the skiff, high words ensued, in which he called them a set of *scoundrels*. The words were scarcely uttered, when he was surrounded by half the company, all of whom seemed to feel that the indignity was offered to the whole company. As more and more still gathered around him, they said—"We have a right to use any means in our power to get on where our country calls us. We bear the character of gentlemen at home: you have called us scoundrels; this you must retract, and make us an apology, or we will tear you in pieces." Thinking I knew their character, I instantly resolved on the course to be pursued, as the only means of saving myself from the threatened vengeance of men, exasperated to the highest pitch of excitement. Assuming an apparent courage, which I confess I did not feel as strongly as I strove to evince, I turned round slowly upon my heels, looking them full in the face, with all the com-



posure I could command without uttering a word. By this time several of the citizens were standing on the outside of the crowd that surrounded me. The volunteers, not knowing I was a stranger there, thought I had turned round in search of succor from the citizens, and with a view of making my escape—said to me, “You need not look for a place of escape; if all the people of the county were your friends, they could not liberate you—nothing but an apology can save you.” The citizens were silent witnesses of the dilemma in which the Yankee, as they called me, was involved. I replied, “I am not looking for a place of escape—I am looking on men who say they have volunteered to fight their country’s battles—who say they are *gentlemen* at home—who doubtless left Petersburg, resolved, if they ever returned, to do so with laurels of victory round their brows. And now, I suppose, their first great victory is to be achieved before they leave the shores of their native state, by sixty or seventy of them tearing *one man* to pieces. Think, gentlemen, if indeed you are *gentlemen*, how your fame will be blazoned in the public prints—think of the immortality of such a victory! You can tear me in pieces, and, like cannibals, eat me, when you have done; I am entirely in your power; but there is one thing I *cannot* do. You are soldiers, so am I a soldier; you ask terms of me no soldier can accept; you *cannot*, with a threat over my head, extort an apology from me; therefore, I have only to say, the greatest scoundrel among you, strike the first blow! I make no concession.” The result was more favorable than I had anticipated. I had expected to have a contest with some *one* of them, for I believed the course I had taken would procure me friends enough from among themselves, to see me have, what is called “fair play” in a fisticuff battle. But I had effected more. I had made an appeal to the pride, the bravery, and the noble generosity of Virginians—too brave to triumph over an enemy in their power—too generous to permit it to be done by any of their number. A simultaneous exclamation was heard all around me. “*He is a soldier; let him alone*”—and in a moment they dispersed. Few of these brave and generous men survived to reach their homes. Most of them perished at the siege of Fort Meigs; but they live in the memory of those who knew them, and in none more vividly than in mine.

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CLIO.

The gentleman who communicated the above, could not be induced to have his proper name inserted. He is a respectable citizen of Cincinnati at this time. He need not think that because we made a retreat, that we are beaten. Mark, if we do not bring the pioneer to light on some future occasion! We hope he will send us many more contributions.

## GEORGE S. M'KIERNAN'S LETTER.

*Louisville, Jan., 13th, 1843.*

MR. J. S. WILLIAMS,

*Dear Sir*—I have long been threatening to send you some scraps of border history, but the wild and exciting nature of the business I have followed for a year or two past, (clerking on a steam-boat) so much destroyed the usual tone of my mind, that I found it impossible to think or write coherently. I have now quit the business, and intend to establish myself ashore, somewhere in Missouri—after which I hope to be able to revive my old train of thought.

I have always been a sort of enthusiast in the study of border history. During a twelve years residence at Wheeling, I collected a mass of facts from manuscript papers, and oral narrations, that will enable me in time to come, to furnish a goodly lot of scraps for the "Pioneer," if you think they would prove acceptable.

I have long since satisfied myself, by an examination of the public archives, that Withers, Flint, M'Clung, and even Doddridge, have, in various instances, fallen into errors in regard to the dates and details of events, and the names of persons figuring in them. It is to be feared that these writers were imposed upon by persons, whose contemptible vanity made them desire their names, or those of their friends, to cut a conspicuous figure in history, at the expense of others more modest and more worthy. An error that once creeps into history is hard to correct. Take the story of Logan's family as an example. A distinguished writer said they were killed by captain Cresap, and almost every subsequent historian reiterated the slander, until some writer of a school history, which fell into my hands a few days ago, boldly says that Cresap killed Logan himself, and then gives Logan's speech in proof, I suppose, of his assertion. I send you a short narrative.

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## BATTLE OF CAPTINA.

## A SCRAP OF BORDER HISTORY.

About the year 1782, the inhabitants of Fish-creek settlement, then in Ohio county, Virginia, erected a stockade work on the eastern bank of the Ohio river, at what is now called the head of Cresap's bottom. This post, which was known by the name of Baker's station, covered a space of about a quarter of an acre, and consisted of several block-houses connected by lines of stout pickets. Erected by the joint labors of the neighboring settlers, as a place of common refuge and security, whenever the Indians gave token of hostile designs, it was never regarded by the government as a place of sufficient im-

portance to justify the maintenance there of a regular garrison; and when the presence of the enemy in the vicinity, caused the station to be the abiding place of the people, its garrison was composed of all persons within the enclosure; among whom might justly be included the wives and daughters of the frontier's-men, as they often stepped forward in the hour of danger, and rendered services of the most meritorious character.

A short time since, it was my good fortune to spend a few hours with an aged couple whose residence in the valley of the Ohio, commenced as far back as the "Indian war of the Revolution." From them I received the following narrative of an interesting event in border history, which I do not remember to have seen recorded in any of the chronicles of Indian warfare. The precise period at which it occurred has escaped their memory; but from their reference to contemporary events, which are yet fresh in their recollection, it probably took place in the year 1791.

Sometime in the spring of the year, rumors of a meditated attack upon the settlement, caused the people to concentrate, for safety, at Baker's station. A party of experienced scouts, consisting of John M'Donald, (or M'Dannel) Isaac M'Keon, — Shopto and — Miller, crossed the river at the mouth of Captina creek, about a mile above the station, with the view of procuring some intelligence of the enemy's movements. They proceeded a short distance up the left bank of the creek, when a heavy fire was opened upon them by some Indians, who were concealed in a neighboring copse of undergrowth. Miller was killed on the spot, and M'Donald, receiving a severe wound in the shoulder, soon became so much weakened by the loss of blood, that he was taken prisoner. M'Keon and Shopto ran for their canoe at the mouth of the creek; but being closely pursued by the enemy, they continued their retreat down the bank of the river, with the hope of being able to distance the Indians. The latter, however, gained so much upon the fugitives, that they shot down M'Keon on the beach immediately opposite the station; and Shopto, as a final resort, threw himself into the water, and was fortunate enough to swim to the station unharmed by the shower of balls that fell around him.

As soon as Shopto related his story, lieutenant Abraham Enochs, (a militia officer from a distant part of the county, who happened then to be on a visit to Baker's station,) proposed raising a party to march in pursuit of the Indians, and avenge the death of their three fellow-citizens. All the able-bodied men at the post—sixteen in number—promptly volunteered for the service; and, without loss of time,



marched up the bank, and crossed over opposite the mouth of Captina. Shopto, together with three infirm old men, and the women and children, remained in the stockade, with instructions to keep themselves within the enclosure, until the return of the expedition.

Enochs' party, after proceeding about a mile up the creek, diverged from the course of the stream, crossed a heavily timbered ridge, and fell upon a small spring branch, about three quarters of a mile above its mouth. At this point, they were suddenly fired upon by the savages, who had formed an ambuscade in a bunch of dog-wood trees, covered with grape vines, that grew at a little distance from the run. The men were thrown into confusion at this unexpected attack; but Enoch, who is represented to have acted with admirable coolness, succeeded in restoring them to something like order; and, judging that the Indians might be dislodged from their position by making a prompt charge into the thicket, gave an order to that effect, but before the movement could be effected, that gallant officer received a shot in his heart, and fell lifeless to the ground. The enemy, encouraged at this circumstance, poured out a volley upon the whites, and then unmasking themselves, rushed out with a loud yell, brandishing their tomahawks above their heads. At the same instant, a second party of Indians, stationed about forty paces down the river, under cover of a thicket, opened a fire, which killed John Baker and a man named Hoffman, besides wounding three others. The men being now without a leader, and seized with consternation at discovering the infinite superiority of the foe, gave one fire, and then made a precipitate and disorderly retreat. Some went down the river, while others made the best of their way to the flats of Grave creek, and not one of them returned to Baker's station until the following day.

In the course of the night, the families that occupied the station, apprehending that lieutenant Enoch's party had been cut to pieces by the savages, deserted the stockade, and retreated for better security to the hills at the head of the bottom, where they concealed themselves until next day, when most of the fugitives from the battle, together with a strong party of men from Grave creek, arrived at the post. In the afternoon they crossed over to the scene of action, and recovered the bodies of Enoch, Baker and Hoffman, together with the three who had been killed before the battle. The remains of these unfortunate men were interred in a beautiful little grove near the station, and their graves are to be seen even at the present day.

Of the individuals engaged in the rencounter at Captina, besides Enoch, Baker and Hoffman, my informant can recollect only the

names of George M'Colloch, Daniel Bean, John Sutherland and ——— Dobbins.

The Indians, agreeably to their custom, had scalped the men who perished in the combat, and stripped their bodies of every thing that seemed valuable. Whatever loss they sustained themselves, could only be estimated by conjecture. From the appearance of blood upon the leaves, and various indications of death-struggles on the ground occupied by the Indians, it was thought their loss amounted to seven or eight; notwithstanding the whites gave but a single fire, and even that at the moment of their greatest confusion.

The above recital is not of much importance, but it narrates an event that history has overlooked. The manuscript is badly written, as is this letter; but I am writing in a room without fire, and my fingers are benumbed with cold. Respectfully, your obedient servant,

*Geo. S. McKiernan*

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#### JUSTICE TO THE INDIANS AND WILLIAM PENN.

THE following letter, received from an estimable member of the society of Friends, speaks for itself. We give it a place in the Pioneer in justice to the course it advocates, and as containing some useful history, although it may not have been written for the press.

The writer evidently does not view our position in its proper light. We act merely as a recorder of facts, not the champion of the Indian cause, or the strenuous advocate of any particular system of ethics. We want the history of the early times correctly written. We want the facts, and we want the opinion of patriots made up upon a true delineation of things as they really occurred, and then we will be enabled to do justice both to the white man and the Indian. There are many facts, the occurrence of which, as white men, we might well regret; but our regrets will not now alter them, neither does it do away with the propriety of a faithful record, so that posterity may profit by our misdeeds. If, as our friend intimates, we had suppressed certain things, we should have proved recreant to the trust reposed in us by our contributors.

We have labored assiduously to open a door, which the friends of the Indians, the friends of Penn and all the early pioneers may enter. It is such a door as never was before opened. We have risked much beside our own labor, to effect this, and we intend it shall stand wide open for the friend of the red man, as well as the friend of the white man. The first breath we ever drew, was in the society to which our friend belongs, and all our early education and youthful experience were in favor of Penn and his policy, and

indeed in almost holy reverence of his name, and now our feelings are biased in that direction. This should satisfy his friends that they would have ample justice in the pages of the Pioneer; but they must excuse us from becoming a contributor in favor of that, or any other side, and they must also excuse us if we "applaud" letters, because they contain true history, although they and us may heartily regret that such things ever took place. As a member of the Logan Historical Society, we propose to aid in erecting a monument to the memory of Logan's worth; and as editor of the Pioneer, we shall faithfully publish, what of facts and narratives the friends of the Indian may furnish, and that is all our duty to them calls upon us to do; and if in the end, those historical incidents and anecdotes which tend to elevate the Indian character, are not published, and justice should be withheld from the Logans on account of it, the red man may justly reproach those who are their friends, for not contributing what they possess, that might have that tendency. But let us hear our friend.

Locust Spring, 12th month 28th, 1842.

J. S. WILLIAMS,

*Dear Friend*—There are some things in the American Pioneer, which appear to me to be exceptionable. I understand that one *prominent* and *professed* object of the Pioneer, was to perpetuate the memory of the noble acts of the great and much lamented Logan, the Mingo chief, and friend of the white man. I would heartily unite in bringing into view all the good traits of his character, and in perpetuating the memory of them to posterity, if happily it might, through the aid of the Pioneer, or otherwise, have a tendency to prevent wrongs being inflicted on the Logans in future, or on the aborigines of the common grade. But I apprehend that some letters, *introduced* into the Pioneer, and *applauded* by the editor, if they had any effect on the public mind, it was the *reverse* of this. If instead of the introduction of some parts of the letters to which I allude, there had been accurate statements made of the happy effects produced by the kind treatment they met with from the pious William Penn, James Logan, and others, who knows how far good might result therefrom? From the kind treatment of William Penn and others, arose the love of the Indian to them. From the attachment of the Indians to James Logan, Logan, the Mingo chief derived his name, and from the same cause he became the friend of the white man. Similar noble acts would be likely to produce similar good effects; and perpetuating the memory of them in the Pioneer, might make it the handmaid of virtue. I remain thy well wishing friend,

*Joseph Carrington.*



We are inclined to the belief that the fears of our friend are entirely groundless, for if we mistake not, the policy of our government, and the sentiments of our fellow-citizens, are in favor of doing the red men justice, and as far as possible to retrieve the irreparable wrongs that have been done them. We trust that no statement of facts can at this day do them an injury. Time was when such things might have led to serious consequences, but that day we believe is past.

It has not been in bloodshed and robbery alone that the red men have been injured. The greatest injury ever done to them, was the introduction of spirituous liquors amongst them. That this is the fact is not merely the opinion of this temperance age, but of the enlightened Indians long since, as is manifest from the following extracts of a speech, delivered by an orator before a council of the Creek nation, about one hundred years ago, taken from Drake's Indian Biography.

SPEECH OF ONUGHKALLYDAWWY-GRANGULAKOPAK.

*"Fathers, Brethren, and Countrymen,*—We are met to deliberate. Upon what?—Upon no less a subject, than whether we shall, or shall not be a people!" "I do not stand up, O countrymen to propose the plans of war, or to direct the sage experience of this assembly in the regulation of our alliances: your wisdom renders this unnecessary for me." "The traitor, or rather the tyrant, I arraign before you, O Creeks! is no native of our soil; but rather a lurking miscreant, an emissary of the evil principle of darkness. 'Tis that pernicious liquid, which our pretended WHITE FRIENDS artfully introduced, and so plentifully pour in among us!" "O, ye Creeks! when I thunder in your ears this denunciation; that if this cup of perdition continues to rule among us, with sway so intemperate, YE will cease to be a nation! Ye will have neither heads to direct, or hands to protect you. While this diabolical juice undermines all the powers of your bodies and minds, with inoffensive zeal the warrior's enfeebled arm will draw the bow, or launch the spear in the day of battle. In the day of council, when national safety stands suspended on the lips of the hoary sachem, he will shake his head with uncollected spirits, and drive the babblings of a second childhood."

The truths conveyed in this speech, properly considered, might make even a Pharaoh weep! We must, however, reflect, that the use of liquor was not then disreputable as now. Almost every religious caste tolerated its use among their members; also, that the colonists and the western pioneers were almost destitute of the comforts and conveniences of life, which could scarcely be procured, but by an exchange of liquor for furs and peltries, which were readily exchanged in Europe for necessary supplies. By such a train of thought we will be ready to excuse our fathers from every feature of intentional or unavoidable injustice in this case.

Since the above editorial (page 179) went to press, we communicated privately about the same views to our friend. He in a subsequent letter acknowledges the force of our arguments, and has promised to *communicate* such matter as he wants published in the Pioneer. That is right.

## GALLIPOLIS.

*Lexington, Ky., Jan. 10th, 1843.*

JOHN S. WILLIAMS, Esq.

*Sir*—I acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and the number of your Pioneer. I send you with pleasure a few details relative to the French colony of Gallipolis, and of the deception that was practiced on that innocent and ignorant people, and to the success of which the situation of affairs in France greatly contributed. The revolution was commencing, and a dread of a long coming contest pervaded many minds. Many of the citizens of Paris sighed for political freedom, but was unwilling to pay the anticipated price in blood. They were prepared to hazard their all for the enjoyment of homes in freedom, without the intervention of a bloody strife, and thus prepared to listen to any tales which seemed to lead to the desired result. Such were the motives which contributed to the foundation of Gallipolis.

Well calculating from the spirit of the times, that such dispositions were favorable to the emigration of many of the inhabitants of Paris, a company hazarded the project of offering for sale, a tract of land seated on the Ohio, or rather on the Scioto; they distributed "prospectuses," in which the beauty and fertility of the land was extolled and exaggerated, nearly in terms as florid and emphatic as those of Chateaubriand in his description of the valley of the Mississippi.

The Scioto falls into the Ohio, which had received the name of "la belle riviere," or the beautiful river, from the French, who built Fort Duquesne, afterwards Fort Pitt, now Pittsburgh. Many persons, of all description, tradesmen, laborers, &c., except the only kind best calculated for such an enterprise, viz: farmers, purchased lands, some to escape from the disturbances of their own country, and many more, dazzled by the descriptions and advantages exhibited in the prospectus. None of them, perhaps, had ever read, or did remember Dr. Franklin's advice to emigrants. How should they, since his own countrymen do the same?

The conditions of the prospectus were: that each purchaser should pay "one French crown" per acre. That as soon as the future colonists should arrive at the different ports in America (named for that purpose) with a receipt from the agents of the company at Paris, for the land purchased by the individual emigrant, he, or they, should be forwarded, to his or their destination at the expense of the company, and receive provisions for one year. With such promised advantages it is not surprising that the number of emigrants should have amount-

ed to nearly four hundred persons. They were at once transported on a tract of land, four miles from Great Kenhawa, on the Ohio, nearly opposite to a small island; each colonist was then informed that the war with the Indians, (that part of the danger of their situation had never been mentioned,) having been renewed with more than usual vigor, the company would not expose them to its danger, and for that reason had been obliged to provide for their reception on a spot different from their original destination. And such was the plan of the new city:—all log-houses of the same size, but neither hewn or barked, adjoining, and parallel to each other, running about one hundred feet, then leaving a distance for intersecting streets, and continuing the houses in the same manner and length. Three buildings of this sort made a street. Such was the plan of the town, destined to receive the expected colonists. On both extremities were erected two log stockades, the upper story of which projected over the lower one, to serve as fortresses; at one end of those buildings was a large space, fenced in with strong, very high standing poles, to contain the stores of the company, their agents and workmen. A creek, called Chicomoga, ran almost round the town. Such was the place where the colonists settled on their arrival. Unfortunately none of those who composed their number, were calculated to encounter the difficulties of a new settlement, so entirely different from what they could have imagined; a collection of priests, lawyers, watch-makers, painters, carvers in stone and wood, tailors, dyers, engineers and carpenters, ship-builders, and other trades, and some without any at all. Farmers and laborers were perhaps ten in number, and these had been brought by some of the purchasers of the land. At an early meeting of the colonists, the town was named Gallipolis, (town of the French.) I did not arrive till nearly all the colonists were there. I descended the river in 1791, in flat-boats, loaded with troops, commanded by general St. Clair, destined for an expedition against the Indians. Some of my countrymen joined that expedition; among others was *Count Malartie*, a captain in the French guard of Louis XVI. General St. Clair made him one of his aid-de-camps in the battle, in which he was severely wounded. He went back to Philadelphia, from whence he returned to France. The Indians were encouraged to greater depredations and murders, by their success in this expedition, but most especially against the American settlements. From their intercourse with the French in Canada, or some other cause, they seemed less disposed to trouble us. Immediately after St. Clair's defeat, colonel *Sproat*, commandant at Marietta, appointed four spies for Gallipolis—two Americans and two French, of which I



was one, and it was not until after the treaty at Greenville in 1795, that we were released.

Notwithstanding the great difficulties, the difference of tempers, education and professions, the inhabitants lived in harmony, and having little or nothing to do, made themselves agreeable and useful to each other. The Americans and hunters, employed by the company, performed the first labors of clearing the township, which was divided into lots.

Although the French were willing to work, yet the clearing of an American wilderness, and its heavy timber, was far more than they could perform. To migrate from the eastern states to the "far West" is painful enough now-a-days, but how much more so it must be for a citizen of a large European town! even a farmer of the old countries, would find it very hard, if not impossible, to clear land in the wilderness. Those hunters were paid by the colonists, to prepare their garden ground, which was to receive the seeds brought from France; few of the colonists knew how to make a garden, but they were guided by a few books on that subject, which they had brought likewise from France. The colony then began to improve in its appearance and comfort. The fresh provisions were supplied by the company's hunters, the others came from their magazines. When, of the expeditions of general St. Clair and Wayne, many of the troops stopped at Gallipolis to take provisions, which had been deposited there for that purpose by government; the Indians, who, no doubt, often came there in the night, at last saw the regulars going morning and evening round the town in order to ascertain if there were any Indian traces, and attacked them, killing and wounding several—a soldier, besides other wounds, was tomahawked, but recovered. A French colonist, who had tried to raise corn at some distance from the town, seeing an Indian rising from behind some brushwood against a tree, shot him in the shoulder; the Indian, hearing an American patrole, must have thought that the Frenchman made a part of it; and sometime afterward a Frenchman was killed, and a man and woman made prisoners, as they were going to collect ashes to make soap, at some distance from town.

After this, although the Indians committed depredations on the Americans on both sides of the river, the French had suffered only by the loss of some cattle carried away, until the murder of the man above related. The Scioto company, in the meantime, had nearly fulfilled all their engagements during six months, after which time they ceased their supply of provisions to the colonists, and one of their agents gave as a reason for it, that the company had been *cheat-*

ed by one or two of their agents in France, who having received the *funds* in France for the purchased lands, had kept the money for themselves and ran off with it to England, without having purchased or possessing any of the tract which they had sold to the deceived colonists. This intelligence exasperated them, and was the more sensibly felt, as a scarcity of provisions added to their disappointment. The winter was uncommonly severe; the creek and the Ohio were frozen; the hunters had no longer any meat to sell; flat-boats could not come down with flour to furnish as they had done before. This produced almost a famine in the settlement, and a family of eight persons, father, mother and children, was obliged to subsist for eight or ten days on dry beans, boiled in water, without either salt, grease, or bread, and those had never known, before that time, what it was to want for any thing.

On the other hand, the dangers from the Indians seemed to augment every day. Kenhawa had been visited by one of those sad events, that few of the present generation can realize, otherwise than by comparing it to a romantic tale of ghosts. A captain Vonbever, had gone to make sugar at a little distance from, and opposite to Kenhawa. His camp was built in a clear place to prevent surprise. And he had his negro man with him, intending to make sugar and raise corn; but staid to make sugar only. The camp was fronting the river, and in sight of Kenhawa. They had not been there long when the negro saw an Indian running after him; he warned his master, who was not far from the house, and they both entered it at the same time, and secured the door. The Indian, thinking they had no arms, and whose intention was to carry off the negro, turned back as soon as he saw them in the house, and was shot by the negro, with a gun that was only loaded with buck-shot. The alarm spread at Kenhawa; the inhabitants came in their canoes, thinking that there might be more Indians, but on their landing, they saw only the body of a single one, which, after having stripped of what little he had, they threw in the river; the corpse floated down and was carried by the stream on the shore of Gallipolis, the next day, as if to confirm the rumor which they had heard that morning, and as a warning to themselves. Captain Vonbever had let his beard grow, and had sworn to leave it so, until he should have taken a complete revenge of the Indians who had killed one of his children.

The colonists were by this time weary of being confined to a few acres of land; their industry and their labor was lost; the money and clothes which they had brought, were nearly gone. They knew not to whom they were to apply to get their lands; they hoped that if

Wayne's campaign forced the Indians to make a lasting peace, the Scioto company would send immediately, either to recover or to purchase those promised lands; but they soon found out their mistake. After the treaty of Greenville, many Indians passing through Gallipolis, on their way to the seat of government, and several travelers, revealed the whole transaction, from which it was ascertained that the pretended Scioto company was composed of New Englanders, the names of very few only been known to the French, who, being themselves ignorant of the English language, and at such a distance from the place of residence of their defrauders, and without means for prosecuting them, could get no redress. Far in a distant land, separated forever from their friends and relations—with exhausted means, was it surprising that they were disheartened, and that every social tie should have been loosened, nearly broken, and a great portion of the deceived colonists should have become reckless? May the happy of this day, never feel as *they* did, when all hope was blasted, and they were left so destitute! Many of the colonists went off and settled elsewhere with the means that remained to them, and resumed their trades in more populous parts of the country; others led a half-savage life, as hunters for skins: the greater part, however, resolved, in a general assembly, to make a memorial of their grievances, and send it to congress. The memorial claimed no rights from that body, but it was a detail of their wrongs and sufferings, together with an appeal to the generosity and feelings of congress; and they did not appeal in vain. One of the colonists proposed to carry the petition; he only stipulated that his expenses should be paid by a contribution of the colonists, whether he succeeded or not in their object; but, he added, that if he obtained for himself the quantity of land which he had paid for, and the rest had none, he should be repaid by their gratitude for his efforts.\* At Philadelphia, he met with a French lawyer, M. Duponeau, and through his means he obtained from congress a grant of 24,000 acres of land, known by the name of the French grant, opposite to Little Sandy, for the French, who were still resident at Gallipolis. The act annexed the condition of settling on the lands three years before reviewing the deed of gift. The bearer of the petition had his 4000 acres; the rest was divided among the remaining French, amounting to ninety-two persons, married and single.

Each inhabitant had thus a lot of 217½ acres of land; but before

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\* Our contributor is not clear here; we presume he meant to say: "But he added, that if he obtained as much, he would expect for himself the quantity of land he had paid for, viz: 4,000 acres; and if the rest who had no land got some, he would be repaid by their gratitude for his efforts.—Ed.




the surveys and other arrangements could be made, sometime was necessary, during which, those who had reclaimed the wilderness and improved Gallipolis being reluctant to lose all their labor, and finding that a company, owning the lands of Marietta, and where there was a settlement previous to that of the French colony, had met to divide lands which they had purchased in a common stock, the colonists sent a deputation for the purpose of proposing to the company to sell them the spot where Gallipolis was and is situated, and to be paid in proportion to what was improved, which was accepted. When at last the distribution of the lots of the French grant was achieved, some sold their share, others went to settle on it, or put tenants, and either remained at Gallipolis, or went elsewhere; but how few entered again heartily into a new kind of life, after having lost many of their lives and much of their health, amidst hardships, excess of labor, or the indolence which follows discouragement and hopeless efforts! Few of the original settlers remain at Gallipolis: not many at the French grant. Many are gone hence.

Before concluding this account, I shall notice some errors in the short account of this colony on page 94 of the first volume of the *American Pioneer*. I shall do this, for the sake of truth and justice, without intending to impute the least intentional error to the writer of that article. I shall repeat, that the company who sold those lands in Paris (France) were, with very few exceptions, New Englanders. Some of these removed to Marietta. They themselves located the new settlement, where it now stands, and built the log houses intended for the colony. Some of the colonists, mortified and disheartened with tilling lands that they could not call their own, although paid for before they left France, left the colony and went to St. Louis, New Madrid, New Orleans, &c.

In respect to the accidents, by the awkwardness of the French in felling trees, I know of but one; that was a female, who, being unable to run out of the reach of the top branches of a falling tree, was so seriously injured as to be obliged to keep her bed the remainder of her life. Any person not acquainted with woodcraft, and very differently brought up, is quite as likely to be awkward as the French colonist, who soon profited by the example of their American neighbors. If there is any thing in my power can be done of service to you, sir, I shall do it with great pleasure. Yours,

*Waldemar de Meutette*



## INCIDENT OF LOGAN, THE MINGO CHIEF.

DURING the war of 1774, as Mr. John Poole, a settler on the Ohio river near Wheeling, was walking from his cabin for the purpose of getting some wood, he espied an Indian some distance from him sitting on a log, with his head resting on his hands, apparently in a deep study. Poole walked towards him, and when he got near him hailed him. He was surprised to hear the Indian answer him in English in the following manner, "Brother, you know me—me John Logan," to which Poole answered in the negative. The Indian then asked him, "You our brother?" Poole answered in the affirmative. Logan then got up off the log and clasped his arms around Poole's neck and appeared very glad to see him. Poole then asked him why he was sad, and Logan said, "Your brothers (the whites) have killed my people on Yellow creek, and me sorry," and he burst into a flood of tears. Poole then took him to his cabin and gave him some refreshments and treated him kindly. Logan then gave him a flint and a pipe, and started for Captina.

The above came from Poole's own lips, and there is not a doubt as to the truth of the assertion. He was a soldier in Dunmore's war, in 1774, and was well known to the Indians. All his life he was a friend to the Indians as well as of American liberty, and died near Greencastle, Pa., in 1839.

ROBERT D. UNGER.

CUMBERLAND, MD. Jan. 30. 1843.

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 TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL INDIAN TRIBES.

THIS table has had two continuations, from vol. i. pp. 257 and 408. This we regret, as it lessens the value of such a table to divide it; we now give the remainder.

*Foxes, or Ottogamies*, on Fox river, in Illinois—See *Sagues* and *Foxes*.

*Fond du Lac Indians*, roam from Snake river to the sandy lakes.

*Gay Head Indians*, on Martha's Vineyard; probably Wampanoags; 200 in 1800.

*Grand River Indians*, on Grand river, north side Lake Ontario; remnant of the Iroquois; 3000.

*Gros Ventres*, on the river Maria, in 1806; 3000 in 1834, west of the Mississippi.

*Herring Pond Indians*, Wampanoags, in Sandwich, Mass; about forty.

- Hurons*, numerous and formidable ; upon Lake Huron and adjacent *Illinois*, formerly numerous upon the Illinois river.
- Ioways*, recently on Ioway river, now scattered among other tribes of the west ; 1100.
- Iroquois*, or *Five Nations*, a chief remnant now on Grand river.— See *Grand Rivers*.
- Kaninavisches*, wanderers on the Yellow Stone, near its source ; about 200.
- Kanzas*, on the river of the same name ; about 1000.
- Kaskayas*, between the sources of the Platte and Rocky mountains, beyond the Kites ; 3000.
- Kiawas*, also beyond the Kites ; in number about 1000.
- Kigenes*, on the coast of the Pacific, under a chief named *Skittigates*, in 1821.
- Kikapoos*, formerly in Illinois ; now about 300, chiefly beyond the Mississippi.
- Killamuks*, branch of the Clatsops, coast Pacific ocean ; about 1000.
- Killawats*, in a large town south-east of the Luktons.
- Kimoenims*, band of Chopunnish, on Lewis' river ; 800, in 33 clans.
- Kites*, between sources Platte and the Rocky mountains ; about 500.
- Knisteneaux*, or *Christinaux*, on Assinnaboin river ; 5000 in 1812.
- Kookkoo-ooses*, south of the Killawats, on the coast of the Pacific ; about 1500.
- Leech River Indians*, near Sandy Lake ; about 350.
- Lenape*, or *Lenelenape*, former name of the *Delawares*, which see.
- Lukawisses*, on the coast of the Pacific ocean, about 800.
- Luktons*, to the south-west of the Killamuks, on the coast of the Pacific.
- Mandans*, 1612 miles up the Missouri, on both sides ; about 1200.
- Manahoaks*, formerly a great nation of Virginia, some time since extinct.
- Marshpees*, chiefly a mixed remnant of the noble Wampanoags, in Sandwich, Mass. ; about 400 ; lately conspicuous in asserting their dormant rights, under the direction of the efficient Mr. WILLIAM APPESS, of Pequot descent.
- Massawomes*, formerly a very warlike nation in what is now Kentucky.
- Menominies*, formerly on Illinois river ; now about 300, west of the Mississippi.
- Messasagnes*, subdued early by, and incorporated with the, *Iroquois* ; about Lakes Huron and Superior in 1764, and then reckoned at 2000.
- Miamies*, on the Mississippi, below the Ouisconsin, and in number about 1500.
- Mikmaks*, on the river St. Lawrence ; about 500 in 1786.
- Mindawarcarton*, the only band of Sioux that cultivates corn, beans, &c.
- Minetares*, on Knife river, near the Missouri, five miles above the Mandans ; 2500.
- Mingoes* ; such of the *Iroquois* were so called as resided upon the Scioto river.



- Mohawks*, formerly a great tribe of the Iroquois, and the most warlike of those Five Nations.
- Moheakunnuks*, formerly between the Hudson and Delaware rivers.
- Mohegans*, a remnant now on Thames, below Norwich, in Connecticut.
- Mosquitos*, a numerous race, on the east side of the isthmus of Darien.
- Multnomahs*, tribe of the Wappatoos, mouth Multnomah river; 800.
- Munsees*, north branch Susquehannah in 1780; on Wabash in 1808; now unknown.
- Muskogees*, on Alabama and Apalachicola rivers; 17,000 in 1775.
- Nabijos*, between north Mexico and the Pacific; live in stone houses, and manufacture.
- Nantikokes*, near the east branch of the Susquehannah in 1780, and about 80.
- Narragansets*, once a powerful nation, about the south of the bay of that name.
- Natchez*, discovered in 1701; chiefly destroyed in 1720; 150 in 1764.
- Niantiks*, a tribe of the Narragansets, and were in alliance with them.
- Nicariagas*, once about Michilimakinak; joined Iroquois in 1723.
- Nipissins*, near the source of the Ottoway river; about 400 in 1764.
- Nipmuks*, interior of Massachusetts; 1500 in 1675; long since extinct.
- Nottoways*, on Nottoway river, in Virginia; but two of clear blood in 1817.
- Oakmulges*, to the east of Flint river; about 200 in 1834.
- Ojibwas*, or *Chippewas*, about 30,000, on the great lakes.
- Omahas*, on Elkhorn river, 80 miles from Council Bluffs; about 2200.
- Oneidas*, a nation of the Iroquois, near Oneida lake; about 1000.
- Onondagas*, a nation of the Iroquois, Onondaga Hollow; about 300.
- Ootlashoots*, tribe of the Tuskepas, on Clark's river, west Rocky mountains; about 400.
- Osages*, *Great* and *Little*, on Arkansaw and Osage rivers; about 4000.
- Otagamies*, between the Lake of the Woods and Mississippi; 300 in 1780.
- Ottawas*, east Lake Michigan; 2800 in 1820; at Lake Huron, about 200 in 1786.
- Ottoes*, on Platte river; about 1500 in 1820.
- Ouatonons*, on the Wabash formerly; 300 in 1779.
- Ozas*, about Red river; about 2000 in 1750.
- Padoucas*, south of the Missouri, and west of the Mississippi; 2000 in 1834.
- Pancas*, on the west of the Missouri; about 750 in 1830.
- Panis*, white, south Missouri, 2000; freckled Panis, about 1700.
- Passamaquoddies*, remnant of the Tarratines, on Schoodic river; about 379.
- Paunees*, on the Platte and its branches; about 10,000.

*Pelloatpallah*, tribe of the Chopunnish, on Kooskooskee; about 1600.

*Penobscots*, island in Penobscot river, 12 miles above Bangor; about 300.

*Pequots*, formerly about the mouth of the Connecticut, now a mixed remnant, about 100.

*Piankeshaws*, on the Wabash, formerly 3000; in 1780 but 950.

*Pishquitpahs*, north side Columbia, at Muscleshell rapids, about 2600.

*Pottowattomies*, formerly numerous, now on Huron river, about 160.

*Powhatans*, 32 nations, or tribes, spread over Virginia when settled by the whites.

*Quapaws*, opposite Little Rock, on Arkansaw river; about 700.

*Quathlahpohtles*, south-west side Columbia, above the mouth of Tahwahnahiooks.

*Quatoghies*, formerly on south Lake Michigan; sold their country to English in 1707.

*Quietsos*, coast Pacific ocean, north mouth Columbia; about 250.

*Quiniults*, coast Pacific, south Quietsos, and north Columbia; about 1000.

*Quinnecharts*, coast Pacific, north the Quietsos; about 2000.

*Rapids*, a brave tribe on the prairies, towards the sources of the Missouri.

*Red-knife Indians*, (so called from their copper knives,) roam in the region of Slave lake.

*Ricarees*, on Missouri, between the Great Bend and Mandan.

*River Indians*, formerly south of the Iroquois, down the north side of Hudson river to the sea.

*Roundheads*, on the east side of Lake Superior; about 2500 in 1764.

*Sauks*, *Sacs*, or *Sagues*, in Illinois, about Lake Winnebago; now about 500 in Missouri.

*Scattakooks*, upper part of Troy in New York; went from New England about 1672.

*Seminoles*, East Florida, now (1826) estimated from 6 to 10,000.

*Senecas*, one of the ancient Iroquois nations; 2200 near Buffalo, New York.

*Serraunes*, in Carolina, nearly destroyed by the Westoes, about 1670.

*Shahalahs*, at the Grand Rapids of the Columbia river; 2800, in 62 lodges.

*Shawanees*, now about 1300, on the Missouri.

*Shoshonese*, or *Snakes*, driven into the Rocky mountains by the Blackfeet.

*Sioux*, on St. Peters, Mississippi, and Missouri; numerous; 33,000.

*Skilloots*, on the Columbia, from Sturgeon island upward; about 2500.

*Snake Indians*, or *Shoshones*, borders Rocky mountains, about 8000.

*Smokshops*, on Columbia river, at mouth of Labiche; 800 in 24 clans.

*Sokokies*, anciently upon Saco river; now extinct.

- Sokulks*, on Columbia, above Lewis' river; about 2400, in 120 lodges.
- Souties*, the name by which some know the *Ottoways*, which see.
- Soyennoms*, on east fork Lewis' river; about 400 in 33 villages.
- Staitans*, a name by which the *Kites* are known, which see.
- Stockbridge Indians*, New Stockbridge, New York; about 400 in 1820.
- St. John's Indians*, remnant of the Esquimaux, on the St. John's in New Brunswick, 300.
- Symerons*, on the east side of the isthmus of Darien; numerous.
- Tetons*, piratical bands of the Sioux of the Missouri.
- Tsononthouans*, tribe of the Hurons.—See *Dinondadies*.
- Tuscaroras*, joined the Iroquois from Carolina, in 1712.
- Twightwees*, on the Great Miami; 200 in 1780.
- Tushepahs*, on Clark's river in summer, and Missouri in winter; about 430.
- Tuteloës*, an ancient nation between Chesapeak and Delaware bays.
- Uchees*, a tribe of Creeks, formerly in four towns.—See *Euchees*.
- Ulseahs*, on the coast of the Pacific ocean; about 150.
- Wabigna*, between the west branch of Delaware and Hudson rivers.
- Wanamies*, in New Jersey, from the Raritan to the sea.
- Wahowpums*, on the north branch of the Columbia; about 700, in 33 lodges.
- Wappatoos*, 13 tribes, of various names, on the Columbia; about 5500.
- Welsh Indians*, said to be on a southern branch of the Missouri.
- Westoes*, once a powerful tribe in South Carolina, nearly destroyed in 1670.
- Willewahs*, about 500, in 33 clans, on Willewah river.
- Winnebagoes*, on Winnebago lake, now chiefly beyond the Mississippi.
- Wolf Indians*, a tribe of the Pawnees, commonly called *Pawnee Loups*.
- Wollawollahs*, on the Columbia, from above Muscleshell Rapids; 1600.
- Wycomes*, a tribe on the Susquehannah, in 1648; about 250.
- Wyandots*, on Great Miami and Sandusky; 500, formerly very warlike.
- Yamoisees*, South Carolina, early nearly destroyed by the whites.
- Yattasies*, branch Red river, 50 miles above Natchitoches; 100 in 1812; speak Caddo.
- Yazoos*, once a great tribe of Louisiana, now lost among the Chickasaws.
- Yehtentanees*, formerly near the mouth of the Wabash.
- Yeletpos*, on a river which falls into Lewis' above Kooskooskee; 250.
- Yonikkones*, on the coast of the Pacific ocean; about 700.
- Yonktons*, branch of Sioux, about falls St. Anthony, about 1000.
- Yonktons of the Plains*, or *Big Devils*; 2500; sources of the Sioux, &c.
- Youitts*, on the coast of the Pacific ocean; about 150.



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